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FOREWORD

THESE hymns have been brought together for the use of the congregations that gather in the high tide of the year at the Isles of Shoals for their annual summer meetings. Hymns that breathe of the spirit of the outdoor world, the tranquillity of the summer sea and sky, the quiet of the season's withdrawal from the fret and custom of the busy world to be near to Nature's heart, have been especially sought out, and the tone of joyousness and exultant faith has been kept dominant; yet the needs of common worship in all its range of human interest have not been neglected.

"The Hymns for Church and Home" has been used as the main source of this collection, and several page-plates have been taken from that book without change; but other sources, both American and English, have also been searched out, and our collection has been enriched by several hymns written expressly for this book, or appearing here for the first time for congregational uses.

It is hoped that nothing has been included here that cannot be genuinely sung and honestly felt by those accustomed to worship in this place. Simplicity, sincerity, and spiritual earnestness have been the ideals kept uppermost in its preparation.

G. H. B.

ISLES OF SHOALS

HYMN BOOK

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



I. "Behold, I make all things new."

O LIFE, that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows ;
The seekers of the Light are one, —

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

2. *Spiritual Worship.*

O LORD, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind :
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

With heavenly grace our souls endue ;
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. Double.

HENRY HILES.



3.

O God, whose smile is in the sky,
 Whose path is in the sea,
 Once more from earth's tumultuous strife,
 We gladly turn to thee.
 Once more to thee our songs we sing,
 Once more our prayers we raise,
 And for the refuge of these isles
 Give thee our deepest praise.

Here all the myriad sounds of earth
 In solemn stillness die ;
 While wind and wave unite to chant
 Their anthems to the sky ;
 Far, far away the heat and dust
 And panting of the race,
 While here in Nature's temple vast,
 We meet thee face to face.

We come as those with toil far spent
 Who crave for rest and peace,
 And from the care and fret of life
 Would find in thee release ;
 We come as those who yearn to know
 The truth that makes men free ;
 And feel the love that binds us each
 To all and all to thee.

O Father, soothe all troubled thought,
 Dispel all idle fear,
 Purge every heart of secret sin,
 And banish every care ;
 Until, as shine upon the seas
 The silent stars above,
 There shines upon our trusting souls
 The light of thine own love.

John Haynes Holmes.

VENTNOR. II.10: II.10

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



4.

"When I awake, I am still with thee."

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

Hawist Beecher Stowe.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



5.

"Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning."

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, **come and go, —**
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

6.

Set from the restless world apart,
We leave behind its care and strife,
And mothered close to nature's heart,
Like children learn the joy of life.
Each eager impulse calmed and still,
God's message we would read aright ;
Mistakes of passion, faults of will,
Have marred our work and blurred our sight.

Now, breathing in a purer air,
We hear a low, insistent call ;
We dream of freedom everywhere,
We dream of life made good for all.

This love that speaks from sky and sea
Bids us to seek a nobler plan,
To set the little children free,
To prove the brotherhood of man.

Our hearts with steadfast purpose thrill,
The vision widens on our view ;
Oh make us strong to work thy will
Until the heavenly dream comes true.

Emma E. Marcan.

WINCHESTER, NEW. (CRASSELIOUS.) L.M.

Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch. 1690.



7. "God through all, and in you all."

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea ;
Of all above, and all below, —
Creation lives and moves in thee ;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air :
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold ;
Thine image and thyself are there, —
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Samuel Longfellow.

8. "God is good."

YES, God is good : in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that "God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze :
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued,
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."

Eliza L. Follen.

9. The Gift of Life.

THOU One in all, thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.

We bless thee for the life that flows
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life that thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ, —
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

Seth Curtis Beach.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



IO.

A Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

II.

"In thy light shall we see light."

COME, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May he our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end !

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace !

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright !

St. Ambrose. Tr. John Chandler.

GERMANY. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



12.

O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn :
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.

The passions are at peace within,
And stilled each stormy thought of sin ;
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man, and love to God.

Goethe.

13.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield."

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth. 1773.

14.

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

DEAR LORD ! thou bringest back the morn ;
Thy children wake ; thy children pray :
Oh ! make our souls divinely yearn !
Pour thy best beauty on the day !

Yes, make our best desire most strong !
Oh, let not sin one hour oppress ;
But spread each shining hour along
The beauty of thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth thy love ;
What countless joys each minute brings !
But, oh ! the cleaving sin remove
That darkens all these precious things.

The thoughts that in our hearts keep place,
Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng ;
And steep in innocence and grace
The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of thine ;
Our busy hands from evil stay ;
Lord ! help us still to tasks divine —
Still keep us in the heavenly way !

Thomas H. Gill.

UXBRIDGE. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



15. *"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."*

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts,
Fresh energy to do our parts ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights, 't is thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God, we cry for thee.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

F. T. Palgrave.

16. *"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."*

O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems ;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life ! how blessed, how divine !
High life, the earnest of a higher !
Father, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.

William Tidd Matson.

HUMILITY. L.M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



17.

Psalm xix.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy judgments true, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Isaac Watts. †

18.

I SAID it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain stairs —
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet ;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brother's poverty?
Such wealth were hideous ! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest !

Lucy Larcom.

19.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

Oh strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Frances R. Havergal.

FERRIER. 7:7:7:7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



20. "The heavens declare the glory of God."

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of thy will !
Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.
Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.
Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William Henry Furness.

21. "The Lord will hear when I call unto him."

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away :
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. Doane.

22.

GRATEFUL for another day,
Sunshine glory over all,
Every care we put away,
Answering the morning's call.

Thine, O Father, is the hour,
Thine the hearts we lift anew ;
By thy life-reviving power
Make us glad and brave and true.

As an island in the sea,
Heaven above and rock below,
Where the joyous winds are free,
Where the bravest flowers grow ;

So our lives in safety rest
In thy providence of love,
Daily by thy bounty blest,
Rock below and heaven above.

Emma E. Marcan.

MERRIAL. 6.5: 6.5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



23.

Nightfall.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

24.

The Silent Hour.

As the storm retreating
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises
O'er our spirits cease.

Sounds of wrath and striving,
Man with man at war,
Hearts with Heaven contending,—
Hear we now no more.

Now the hours of stillness,
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

Holy human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying,
"Wait a little while."

Thus in hours of stillness,
Faith to Heaven shall rise,
Till death's last, deep silence
Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore C. Williams

HURSLEY. L.M.

Arranged from PETER RITTER, by W. H. MONK.



25.

"At evening time it shall be light."

COME, Father, with the coming night,
Refresh and cheer my weary heart ;
At evening time it shall be light,
If thou art near, though day depart.

From tedious toil, from anxious care,
Dear Lord, I turn again to thee ;
Thy presence and thy smile to share
Makes every burden light to me.

With thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast ;
And, like a pleased and happy child,
In thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Ray Palmer.

26.

"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."

ABIDE with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

27.

"The Lord is my Light."

O FATHER, bless us ere we go !
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon, — give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call :
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our Father and our All !

Frederick W. Faber.

HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



28. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."*

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

Isaac Watts.

29. *"I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."*

MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

30.

Vesper Hymn.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Samuel Longfellow.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7. Double.

Russian Air.



31.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound :
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo : eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

32.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards, as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.
Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy ;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.
God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Edmund M. Goldart.

SACRAMENT. 98:98.

E. J. HOPKINS.



33. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."*

LORD, in this holy hour of even,
By thine unfailing mercy blest,
Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
And smoothed the path beneath our feet;
Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

And if some cross thy will has sent us,
In which the good we see not now,
O God, may all thy mercies lent us,
Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,—
The fountain of our light thou art;
In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
Thou comfort of the wounded heart.

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
Thy love shall gild the shades of night;
And, midst the gloom, with thee beside us,
We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

Thomas Hincks.

34. *The Darkness and the Light.*

Now while the day in trailing splendor
Gives way to glories of the night,
Thanksgiving to thy name we render,
O Lord of darkness and of light!

Daily from thee we have our being,
In all this wondrous order set;
Thine omnipresence blinds our seeing,
And in thy gifts we thee forget.

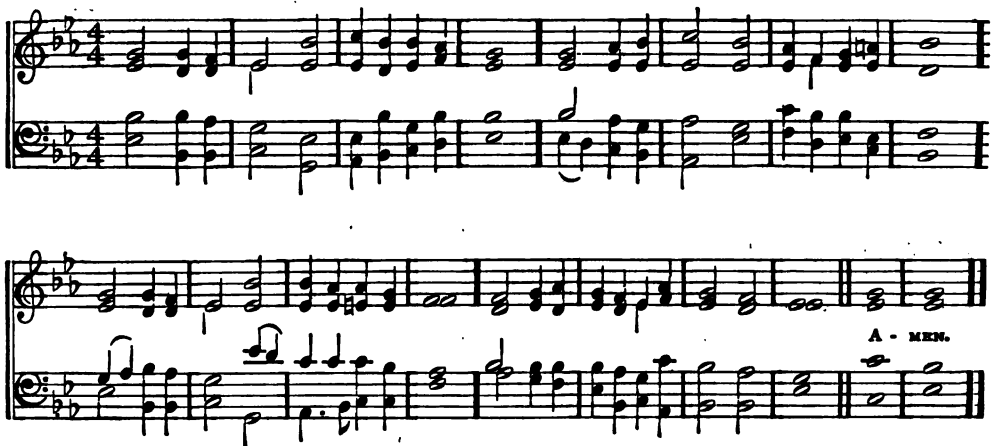
Touch thou our eyes, their blindness
healing,
Until the common earth and air
To our illumined sight and feeling
Thy glory and thyself declare.

Till storied marvel, sign and token,
All pale before the nearer thought
Of the vast miracle unbroken
From hour to hour around us wrought.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

EVENTIDE. 10.10 : 10.10.

W. H. MONK.

**35.***"Abide with us."*

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour :
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Henry Francis Lyte.

INTEGER VITÆ. 11.11.11:5.

F. F. FLEMMING.



36.

"The darkness hideth not from thee."

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, —
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us ;
All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

Father, thy Name be praised, thy Kingdom given.
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Petrus Herbert, 1566. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

37.

Hear Us, Our Father.

FATHER Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
Answer in love thy children's supplication ;
Hear thou our prayers, the spoken and unspoken ;
Hear us, our Father !

Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters ;
Tenderest guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
Lead us, good Shepherd !

Father of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us.
Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
Infinite Spirit !

Berwick Hymnal.



38.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

39.

God of the Vastness of the far-spread sea
And tender Silence of the starlit sky,
Whose Way upon the deep so still can be,
Whose Voice is whispered wind's tranquillity:

Grant us, thy peace beyond all evening's balm ;
Out of thy heart of peace, O Father, share
Now with thy children heaven's strange deeps of calm,
And be to us the triumph of our prayer.

For good has been thy gift, — the day now past :
Its joy so eager, zest of life so strong ;
Each glimpse of beauty lovelier than the last,
Each leap of thought winged to exultant song.

And now thine after-gift, this hush of night,
Falls with its reverence of completing grace ;
Father, by day we glimpsed thy raiment bright,
Soothe now our silenced souls to see thy face.

That thus, with thee, all else of life forgot,
With thee we fold these precious hours away ;
That thus, O God, with thee who slumberest not
We wait thy glory of another day.

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



40

"His mercy is everlasting."

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

41.

"Exalt the Lord our God."

BE thou, O God ! exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Tate and Brady.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6. Double.

OLD GERMAN MELODY.



42.

"Mighty in Power."

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts, Joseph Barnby.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



43.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow."

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens,
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide worlds echo, —
See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

William C. Gannett.

INNOCENTS. 7-7:7-7.

Arranged by W. H. MONK.



44. "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God."

HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare;
Thou, my soul, rejoicing sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.

See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks;
See the moon and stars of light
Praising God in stillest night.

See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty as a robe;
Forests, fields, and living things
Each his Maker's glory sings.

Through the air thy praises meet,
Birds are singing clear and sweet;
Fire and storm and wind, thy will
As thy ministers fulfil.

Ocean waves thy glory tell,
At thy touch they sink and swell;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of thee.

Ah, my God, what wonders lie
Hid in thine infinity!

Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what thou art!

Joachim Neander,
Tr. by J. D. Burns.

45.

The Labor of Love.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

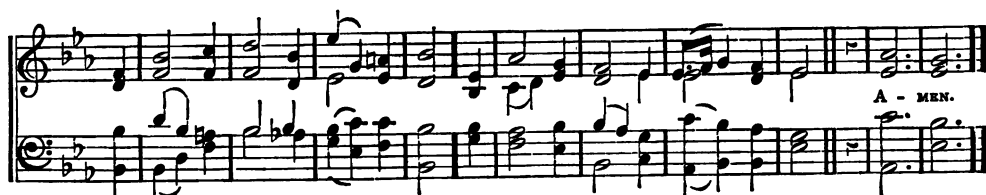
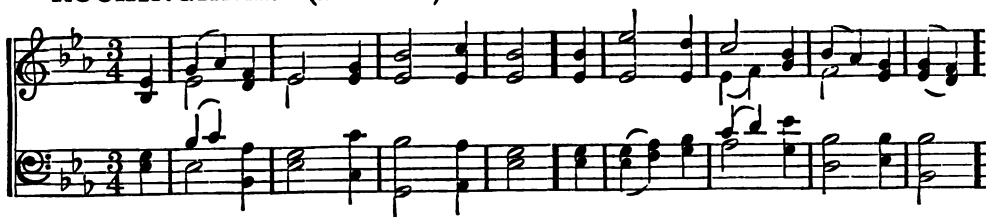
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

John G. Whittier.

ROCKINGHAM. (ENGLISH.) L.M.

EDWARD MILLER.



46.

The Ever-present God.

FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light. †

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
But this we know, that where thou art
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

John Bowring.

47.

The Inward Voice.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart,

And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh, yet be near !
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings
cease.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

48.

Perfect Peace.

IN quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky :
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy :
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

Augusta Larned.

DIX. 7. Six lines.

(*Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.*)

CONRAD KOCHER.



49.

"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Father, unto thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
Father, unto thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
Unto us so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;
Father, unto thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Father, unto thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint. †

AURORA.

Words and Music by SAMUEL J. BARROWS.



50.

Enkindling Love, eternal Flame :
 In bush and cloud and sun and star
 Illumined is Thy burning Name,
 Which worlds and atoms all proclaim,
 Forever near, forever far,
 Forever changing yet the same.

In bud and blossom, child and seer,
 In dewdrop, ocean, hero, saint,
 Thy goodness, beauty, love appear ;
 Thy smile how sweet, Thy hand how dear !
 Within our hearts, however faint,
 We own Thy law, Thy word revere.

In throbbing heart or blazing sun
 Thy life and law are everywhere ;
 May truth and right their courses run,
 May love's great victory be won ;
 Be this our hope, be this our prayer,
 "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

NICÆA. Irregular.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



51.

"Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be."

BRING, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O Night, thy hushes!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only *thee*,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

William C. Gannett.

HUMILITY. L.M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



A - MEN.

52.

*"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for
brethren to dwell together in unity!"*

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above;
A heaven of joy, because of love!

Anna L. Barbauld.

53.

*"This one thing I do, . . . I press toward the
mark."*

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;

No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest;
Finished the toil, — the rest begun!
The battle fought, — the triumph won!

Horatius Bonar.

54.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

O THOU, whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime: —

For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless thy holy name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That thou art evermore the same!

John White Chadwick.



55.

"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

Frederick L. Hoemer.

56.

"To-day, if ye shall hear his voice."

OUR God, our God, thou shinest here ;
Thine own this latter day ;
To us thy radiant steps appear ;
Here leads thy glorious way !

We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore ;
On us thou streamest strong and bright ;
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee ;
New births are in thy grace ;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright ;
Down cometh thy full power ;
We, the glad bearers of thy light ;
This, this thy saving hour !

On us thy spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come ;
We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near ; thou standest by ;
Our work begins to shine ;
Thou dwellest with us mightily, —
On come the years divine !

Thomas H. Gill.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



57.

Trust in God.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside me here :

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about ?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore !

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hoerner.

58.

The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.



59.

The Life Divine.

THAT God is Love, unchanging Love, —
This truth of truths, — do I not know !
Unnumber'd blessings from above
Forever come to tell me so !

What have I done? What can I do
To purchase this perpetual feast?
Of all the proofs he loves me so,
I am not worthy of the least.

Forgive, dear God, forgive, forgive,
Set free this self-bound heart of mine,
That I may learn for thee to live
The self-renouncing Life Divine.

I see it in thy Holy Child,
As never since, nor e'er before,
By not one thought of self beguiled : —
In him I see it, — and adore.

Ourselves, ah ! never can we find
Till we are lost, like him, in thee,
Loving thy Love with heart and mind,
With thee, through him, made one to be.

There's no return that I can make
For all thy goodness, God, to me,
But, doing all things for thy sake,
To lose, and find, myself in thee.

William H. Furness.

60.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

WE follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed,
Into thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;
With thee we seek the things above ;
Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe
Of power, and calmness, and of love.

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will ;
Like thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still.

The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long ;
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus, through thy quickening spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

Book of Hymns.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBER. Arranged by W. H. MONK.



61.

The Presence of God.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, source of all, —
The world without, the soul within, —
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breakest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light, and love, and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame for thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Seth Curtis Beach.

62.

THOU glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day ;

We praise thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

We bless thee for the friends we miss,
Who made our peace and stilled our
pain ;
We trust thee on some height of bliss
To bring them close to us again.

We magnify thy holy name ;
And, while in thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills through blame and shame
To do the bidding of thy voice.

John White Chadwick.

63.

*"I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face
from the house of Jacob."*

No human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine !

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to thee !

T. W. Higginson.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



64.

The Stone Meeting-house.

As once again we gather here,
Thy blessing to receive,
May we all anxious thought and fear
Without this portal leave.

The tender mem'ries of past days
Let us once more recall;
The words of prayer, the songs of praise,
Thy presence crowning all.

And as the influence of this place
Steals o'er our hearts anew,
A hymn of gratitude we'll raise,
Our loyalty renew.

Within this ancient house to-day
May we thy vision see!
Oh consecrate us, Lord, we pray,
To serve and worship thee!

Helen W. Greenwood.

65.

Consecration.

O GOD whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to thee.

In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,
In this we're thine indeed.

In fearless world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown, or cross, or fame, or blame,
We thine ourselves declare.

To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves! and doing this,
We give ourselves to thee.

M. J. Savage.

66.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless hand,
The priesthood of the sea.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wings of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The sky is as a temple's arch:
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

J. G. Whittier.

ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.

W. TANSUR.



A - MEN.

67. "Ye shall teach them your children."

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Isaac Watts.

68. "He bringeth the wind out of his treasures."

GREAT RULER of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

Philip Doddridge.

LONDON NEW. C.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER (1615).



69.

To Deum Laudamus.

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey ;
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

We magnify thee day by day,
And ever worship thee ;
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day,
From sin and danger free.

Nahum Tate. 1703.

70.

The Inward Witness.

O THOU whose Spirit witness bears,
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky ;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall ;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow,
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour ;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more !

Frederick L. Hoemer.

LYONS. 10.10: 11.11.

Arranged from HAYDN.



71.

"Who is like unto the Lord, our God?"

Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Sir Robert Grant.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.



72.

"God with us."

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast :
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

73.

"The Heart's Renewal."

With heart's glad song, dear Lord, we come
From far and near to Harvest Home ;
Breathe in our souls from heaven above,
And fill our hearts with thy blest love.

Thy temple here, of land and sea,
This rock-ribbed shrine, shall altar be,
Thy spirit's grace shall aid each soul
To find in thee our aim and goal.

Dear souls rejoiced in glad years past
To see thee here, thou First and Last ;
Heaven's blessing came and brought thy
peace

And gave from sin their hearts release.

Make, Lord, our lives all blessed be,
Lift thou our hearts to dwell in thee ;
Thy spirit ever be our store,
Heaven's bounty gladden more and more.

Geo. H. Young.

74.

*"Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and
praise thy glorious name."*

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that holds thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

George E. L. Cotton.

CAMDEN. L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



75.

"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

FATHER ! beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine, that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win ;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide :
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

76.

"Our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name."

O GOD, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies, and air, and light ;
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee ;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of love my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.

Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength ;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

77.

The Love of God.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's fearful sea !
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood ;
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

John Sterling.

POSEN. 7.7:7.7.
(Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.)

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER.



78. "O all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord!"

LET the whole creation cry,
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
"God is good, and therefore King."

Praise him, all ye host above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice;
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honor, ocean fair!
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;

And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts:
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

Stopford A. Brooke.

79.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline!

Frederic Henry Hedge.

80. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so
panteth my soul after thee, O God."

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home;
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Make us beautiful within,
By thy spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

Frank P. Appleton.

NUN DANKET. 6.7:6.7:6.6:6.6

JOHANN CRÜGER.



81.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices :
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;

And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given ;
We lift our hearts to him
Who reigns in highest heaven :
The one eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart. 1644. Tr. Catherine Winkworth. †

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10.10:10.10.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



82.

We praise thee, O Lord.

We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray ;
 We praise thee with the glowing light of day :
 All things that live and move, by sea and land,
 Forever ready at thy service stand.
 Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
 "Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,
 By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are !"
 Grant us to echo on the song afar.
 Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,
 Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :
 Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
 For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power !

Johann Franck, 1618-1677.†

83.

O BROTHER man ! Fold to thy heart thy brother ;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
 For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken !
 The holier worship which he deigns to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
 Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of him whose holy work was "doing good ;"
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

DELIVERANCE. C.M. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



84.

Through Unknown Paths.

O THOU who art of all that is
 Beginning both and end,
 We follow thee through unknown paths,
 Since all to thee must tend :
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep
 Beyond all fathom-line ;
 Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath,
 For hopes that blossom here below,
 And wither not with death ;

But most we bless thee for thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
 The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
 Our comfort when distressed ;
 Be thou by day our strength for toil,
 And thou by night our rest.
 And when these earthly dwellings fail,
 And Time's last hour is come,
 Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
 And our eternal home !

Frederick L. Holmes.

ITALIAN HYMN. 66.4:6.6.6.4.

F. GIARDINI.



85.

Strength, Love, and Light.

COME, thou almighty Will !
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power :
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour !

Come, thou most tender Love !
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest guest :
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest !

Come, Light serene and still !
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day :
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way !

Hymns of the Spirit.

86.

" Let there be Light."

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight !
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind
Let there be light !

Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love, —
Speed on thy flight !
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light !

John Marriott. †

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6:7.7.7.6.

JAMES NARES.



87.

The Soul aspiring to Heaven.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave. †

88.

The Still, Small Voice.

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace !

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe :
Silent am I now and still ;
Dare not in thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love !

Charles Wesley.

89.

"The Lord is thy Keeper."

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near ;
Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head ;
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
And guard from every sin.
He is still our sure defence,
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley. †

WEBB. 7.6. Double.

G. J. WEBB.

90. "He shall save the children of the needy."

He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

91. *Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

Samuel F. Smith.

BEECHER. 8.7. Double.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

92. *"In all ages entering holy souls."*

LIGHT of ages and of nations !
 Every race, and every time,
 Has received thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
 Always spirits in rapt vision
 Passed the heavenly veil within,
 Always hearts bowed in contrition
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
 While thine inward revelations
 Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
 Prophets to the guilty nations
 Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
 Revelation is not sealed ;
 Answering now to our endeavor,
 Truth and Right are still revealed.
 That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
 Written in the soul's deep pages,
 Shines to-day, forever new !

Samuel Longfellow.

93. *"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."*

FATHER, give thy benediction,
 Give thy peace before we part ;
 Fill our minds with truth's conviction,
 Calm with trust each anxious heart.
 Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
 Bid our griefs and struggles end ;
 Peace, which passeth understanding,
 On our waiting spirits send.

Samuel Longfellow.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



94.

A Hymn of Peace.

BREATH of the Lord that moved of old
Through chaos of the quickening earth,
Till the wide heavens in light unrolled,
And sun and star and flower had birth:

Breathe on this warring world of men,
To bid its strife and tumult cease;
Till stars of morning sing again,
With Sons of God, the Song of Peace.

Still on the waters broods thy power;
Through all our discords echoes still
The music of that later hour,

*"Peace on the earth! in Heaven good-
will!"*

Teach thou our hearts that nobler song
Of nobler souls by truth set free,
Till the full chorus, sweet and strong,
From thy glad earth goes up to thee.

Emily Huntington Miller.

Written for *The Congregationalist* and used by special permission.

95.

Kingdom of God.

KINGDOM of God! the day how blest,
When to thy fold as to their home,
From north and south, and east and west,
Thine own of every name shall come!
Day of the Lord! thine hour draws nigh,
We see the radiant dawn afar;
The light of truth illumines the sky,
Resplendent as the morning star.

Not ours the noon, but ours the dawn,
The prelude to the full-orbed day;
And ours to bid the clouds be gone,
And give the light unhindered way.

All glory, gracious God, to thee!
We lift our eyes unto the hills,
And, lo! the blessed prophecy,
By thy strong arm, its course fulfills.

Seth C. Beach.

96.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the daylight clear,
But we can see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines with steadfast ray,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
As morning stars, lead on the day.

Look backward, how much has been won;
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true.

Samuel Longfellow.

KEBLE. L.M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



97.

Love Divine.

O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st :
Wide as our need, thy favors fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, over all.

John G. Whittier.

98.

"The Lord is near."

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right ;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier. †

99.

The Lord of Life.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope ! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**100.** *"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."*

HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light!
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength!

Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled peace!

Paul Gerhardt.
Samuel Longfellow.

101.

God is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined.

Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Hymns of the Spirit.

102. *"The God of peace give you peace always by all means."*

PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessed freedom come.
Come with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

Charles Wesley.
Samuel Longfellow.

GREENVILLE. 8.7. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

103. *"Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace
always by all means."*

Part in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light :
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.
Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving ;
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
And the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.
Part in peace ! our duties call us ;
We must serve as well as praise ;
Ask not what may here befall us ;
Leave to God the coming days.

Sarah Flower Adams.†

104. *"The works of his hands are verity and wisdom."*

THERE 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There 's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



105.

Seeking after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained ; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove :
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee :
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,

No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All ! "
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. John Wesley.

ST. MATTHIAS. L.M. Six lines.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

106. *God the Life and Light of the World.*

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore.

LAUDS. L.M.

R. REDHEAD.



107.

"He healeth the broken in heart."

OUR God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found,
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

He who can heaven and earth control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey;
Oh, come to God, and fear him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.

What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom?
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

J. F. Zahn. 1682.

108.

The Hope of Man.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun:
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

T. W. Higginson.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



109. "God is a consuming fire — God is love."

ONE Lord there is, all lords above ;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah ! to wrong what is his name ?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun ;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me ?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate, —

Thy happy Gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

William Brighty Randa.

110. "We know in part."

IN thee, O God, the hosts above
Forever live supremely blest ;
And I, on earth, like them would love ;
Like them upon thy bosom rest.

I may not know thee as thou art,
While here my darksome way I tread ;
Yet thanks that now I know in part,
And hourly by thy hand am led.

Unseen, thou dost thyself reveal,
In thine own ways to sense unknown ;
Thy hidden glories oft I feel
Come flowing o'er me from thy throne.

The joy, that through my being streams,
New gladness lends to brightest days ;
Morn fresher wakes, and evening gleams
More lovely, while I breathe thy praise.

As past me fly the swift-winged years,
Thy mercies all their circuits fill ;
Thy goodness, like the sun, appears
Throughout all time resplendent still.

Ray Palmer.

DEDHAM. C.M.

W. GARDNER.



III. *"The House our Fathers built to God."*

We love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God ;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 But here their children pray,
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
 To find the narrow way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

II2. *"From generation to generation."*

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,
 Forever living Word, —
 Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
 Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
 Have winged the spirit's powers,
 And made these walls divinely fair, —
 Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
 What tender memories throng,
 Till the eye fills with happy tears,
 The heart with grateful song !

Vanish the mists of time and sense ;
 They come, the loved of yore,
 And one encircling Providence
 Holds all for evermore.

Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
 To build faith's freer shrine, —
 Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
 Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide !
 While systems rise and fall,
 Faith, hope, and charity abide,
 The heart and soul of all.

Frederick L. Hosmer. }

FAITH. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



II3. *The Garment thou seest Him by.*

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not,
From earnest hearts and true :
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,
As thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign ;
Thy order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.

These are thy revelations' vast
From earliest days of yore ;
These are our confidence and peace :
We cannot wish for more.

John W. Chadwick.

II4. *Quicken me, O Lord.*

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine ;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine !

As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll ;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious Summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode ;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

Horatius Bonar.

II5.

My God, I feel thy wondrous might
In nature's various shows, —
The whirlwind's breath, the tender light
Of the rejoicing rose.

For doth not that same power enfold
Whatever things are new,
Which shone about the saints of old
And struck the seas in two?

Ashamed, I veil my fearful eyes
From this, thy earthly reign ;
What shall I do when I arise
From death, but die again?

What shall I do but prostrate fall
Before the splendor there,
That here so dazzles me through all
The dusty robes I wear?

I dare not pray to thee to give
That heaven which shall appear ;
My cry is, help me, thou, to live
Within the heaven that's here !

Alice Cary.

DUNDEE. C.M.

Scotch Psalter. 1615.



II6.

"Thy will be done."

ONE prayer I have,— all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine :
Thy will, my God, thy will be done ;
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
'Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No : let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

James Montgomery

II7.

The Beauty of the Lord.

Now let us see thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before ;
And by thy beauty quicken us
To love thee and adore.

'T is easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to thee.

Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves,
When thus we come to thee :
The service of thy blessed will
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come, to ask again
What thou hast often given :
The vision of that loveliness,
Which is the life of heaven.

B. Waugh.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



II8.

"God is love."

THOU, Lord, art Love, — and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown,
Beneath, on earth thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven thy throne.

Thy ways are Love ; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
The living voice they find ;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are Love, — more deep
They stamp the seal divine ;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer thine.

Thy heaven is the abode of Love, —
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to thee.

There with thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round thy throne ;
Where all shall love thee, Lord, and all
Shall in thy love be one.

James D. Burns.

II9.

"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."

O NAME, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee !

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill !

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod ;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God !

The thought of thee all sorrow calms ;
Our anxious burdens fall ;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

HUNTINGDON. C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



I20. "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh."

SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power :
Oh, come, Great Spirit, come !

Come, glorious Light ! to waiting minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come, cleansing Fire ! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew ! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come, Wind of God ! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

Andrew Reed.
Samuel Longfellow.

I21. "O that I knew where I might find him !"

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there, —
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine !

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Then, go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

SPOHR. C.M.

SPOHR.



I22.

"As pants the hart."

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty Divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and he'll employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

I23.

"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

To thee, my God, whose Presence fills
 The earth, and seas, and skies,
 To thee, whose name, whose heart is Love,
 With all my powers I rise.

Oh, bid the roaring tempest cease ;
 Or give me strength to bear
 Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
 And save me from despair !

To thee, my God, alone I look,
 On thee alone confide ;
 Thou never hast deceived the soul
 That on thy grace relied.

Though oft thy ways are wrapped in clouds
 Mysterious and unknown,
 Truth, Righteousness, and Mercy stand
 The pillars of thy throne.

Thomas Gibbons.

I24.

Thy Way, O Lord, is in the Sea.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea,
 Thy peace is in the sky,
 And lo, I gaze far off to glimpse
 Their merging mystery :
 Their merging mystery so strange
 In dim horizon-line,
 Where eager striving of the sea
 Lifts to heaven's peace divine.

Thy way, O God, is in my soul,
 Now eager like the sea,
 Now lifted to exulting peace,
 The peace thou shar'st with me.

For every day thy heaven is mine :
 Sky brooding over sea,
 Each day I share thy zest and peace
 In merging mystery.

MANOAH. C.M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.



125. The Love of God.

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

126. Evening Prayer.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit.

BELMONT. C.M.

S. WEBBE. (?)



127. *"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
he leadeth me beside the still waters."*

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill :
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet on me was laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own :
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine, —
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn ;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.
Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must :
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

128. *"But I will trust in thee."*

My Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace ;
And wait with deep humility
For thy revealing grace.

Lord ! when thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love thee in the mystery,
I trust thy providence.

I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode ;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

So, faith and patience, wait awhile !
Not doubting ; not in fear ;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

George Rawson.

STOCKWELL. 8.7:8.7.

D. E. JONES.



I29. *"All things work together for good to them that love God."*

God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

I30. *"The Lord is my strength and my salvation."*

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side !

Hymns of the Spirit.

I31. *"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."*

Lo ! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night ;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing ;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

Chandler Robbins.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



132.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy light before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth !

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever !

Sir Henry W. Baker. †

TRISTITIA. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



I33.

"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !

Refine and purge our earthy parts,
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts ;
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Gregory the Great, A. D. 590. Tr. John Dryden. †

I34.

"The spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to Thee and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

Charles Wesley.

ST. ELWYN. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



I35. *The Lord is in his Holy Place*

THE Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far !
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed ;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought ;
We find him not by seeking far, —
We lose him not, unsought.

William C. Gannett.

I36. *"A shadow in the day-time from the heat, and
a place of refuge."*

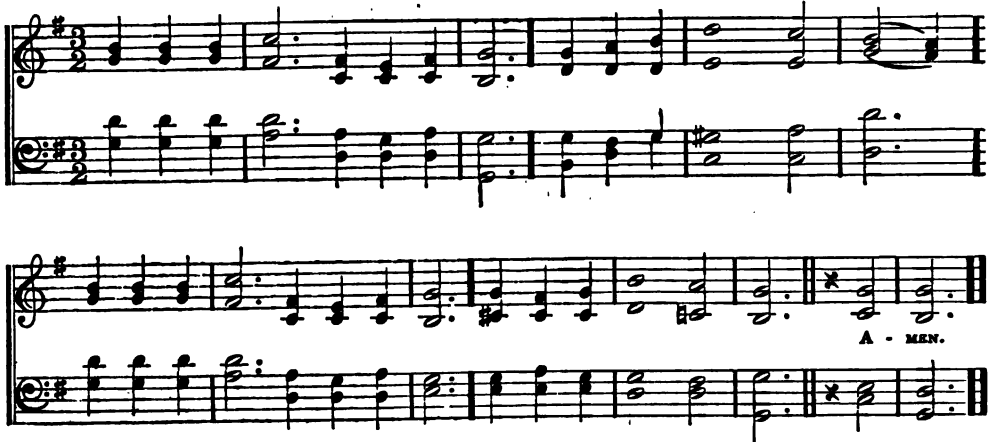
O GOD, unseen but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou ;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.
All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way ;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of the day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above !
Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler.
Samuel Longfellow.

LAMBETH. C.M.

S. WEBBER. (?)



137.

Prayer for Peace.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep, —
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon.

138.

*"Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to
work all manner of work."*

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by thee.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. Double.

HENRY HILES.



A Song of Trust.

I39. "O God, in thee, in thee, have I trusted."

O LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest my heart
Upon thy faithful breast.
I pray thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need,
And all my need of thee.

I do not pray because I would ;
I pray because I must :
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust ;
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say ;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

Thou dost not wait until I urge
My wayward steps to thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

And, even while it sighed, my heart
Has sung itself to rest,
O Love Divine, forever near,
Upon thy faithful breast.

John W. Chadwick.

I40.

Nature's Worship.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.
And prayer is made and praise is given
By all things near and far :
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star ;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine :
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.
The blue sky is the temple's arch ;
Its transept, earth and air ;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

J. G. Whittier.

DENNIS. S.M.

Arranged by **LOWELL MASON.**



141. *"Cast your burden upon the Lord."*

How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind :
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day :
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

142. *It is Nigh thee, in thy Heart.*

SAY not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee :
That heavenly law within may shine
And there its brightness be.

Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth :
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

Cease, then, my soul, to roam ;
Thy wanderings all are vain :
That holy word is found at home,
Within thy heart its reign.

Bernard Barton.

143.

Love and Duty.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore !
A summons stern and clear :
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :
Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth : I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love !
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through Duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

Samuel Longfellow.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



I44. *"Let us labor to enter into that rest."*

OH, where shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love:
 Here would we end our quest:
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

I45. *With the Stars.*

STARS of the still, strange sky,
 That thrill with mystic light,
 I know not what may lurk beyond
 Your curtain-pall of night;
 But ye, and God, and I
 Are comrades of the road;
 Oh wondrous peace, oh strength secure
 Be ours who fare with God.

G. Myrick.

I46. *Still with thee.*

STILL, still with thee, my God,
 I would desire to be:
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with thee.

With thee amid the crowd
 That throngs the busy mart,
 To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
 Speak softly to my heart.

With thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind;
 The setting, as the rising sun,
 With thee my heart would find.

With thee, when darkness brings
 The signal of repose,
 Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
 Mine eyelids I would close.

With thee, in thee by faith
 Abiding I would be,
 By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with thee.

J. D. Burns.



147.

For Divine Strength.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple sacred evermore!
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"He giveth power to the faint."

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke.

PAX DEI. 10.10 : 10.10.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



150.

"Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

O FATHER Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with all in love !

Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
On souls that would their Father's image bear ;
Make us as holy temples of our God,
Where dwells forever calm, adoring prayer.

C. J. P. Spitta.

151.

"The God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do his will."

O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all thy world of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And thou thy child to do thy work employ.

John Sterling.

152.

"Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

Jones Vary.

153.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

THOU Life within my life, than self more near !
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear !
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise ;
Above the highest heavens thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How shall I call thee who art always here,
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,
What may I give thee save what thou hast given ?
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

154.

"In him we live, and move, and have our being."

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed :
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found ;
In losing thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

Jones Vary.

ST. BEES. 7:7:7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



155.

The Indwelling God.

THOU whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind ;
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined !

What shall separate from thee ?
Nought of all created things :
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Each from thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill ;
Thine the humblest creature's breath ;
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death ;

Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last is told
Every secret strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old.

Secrets, too, of things to be
In the cycles on before ;
Love which stronger is than death,
Life with thee, forevermore.

John W. Chadwick.

156.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein."

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty !

Samuel Johnson.

CHATHAM (SEYMOUR). 7-7:7-7.

Arranged from WEBER.



157.

Our Daily Bread.

DAY by day the manna fell :
Oh, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand :
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Oh, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

Joshiah Conder.

158.

A Life hidden in God.

LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life and Light of light !
Love's illimitable sea !
Depth of peace, of power the height !

Let my life be hid in thee
From vexation and annoy ;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in thee
When alarms are gathering round,
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid in thee
When my strength and health shall fail ;
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee,
In the world and yet above ;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

John Bull. †

MORNINGTON. S.M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



159.

"Pray without ceasing."

My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:

This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

THATCHER. S.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



160.

For the Gifts of the Spirit.

SEND down thy truth, O God !
Too long the shadows frown ;
Too long the darkened way we 've trod :
Thy truth, O Lord ! send down.

Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be :
Thy Spirit, oh, send down !

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife :
Thy living love send down.

Send down thy peace, O Lord !
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord :
Thy peace, O God ! send down.

E. R. Sill.

161.

The Larger Prayer.

At first I prayed for Light :
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day !

And next I prayed for Strength :
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith :
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love :
Deep love to God and man ;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere !
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.†

OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



162. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, —
We come to do thy will.

Upon that painful road,
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God !

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong.

Samuel Johnson.

163. "Do all to the glory of God."

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done to obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine :
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert. †

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



164. "All praise to the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth."

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of peace and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

John Johns.

165. "The breath of the Almighty hath given
me life."

BREATHE ON me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

NAOMI. C.M.

Arranged from NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON.



166.

The One Petition.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise, —

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee ;

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele.

167.

AND wherefore should I seek above
Thy city in the sky,
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie, —

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised ?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

168.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. Double.

Spanish Melody.

169.

The Accepted Offering.

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars, when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor. 1795.

170.

"Thy kingdom come."

FATHER, let thy kingdom come, —
Let it come with living power ;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.
As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

Break, triumphant day of God !
Break at last, our hearts to cheer ;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here !
Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
May they all for God be won !
And, in every human heart,
Father, let thy kingdom come !

John Page Hoppe.

CANONBURY. L.M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



I71.

Help thou my Unbelief.

LORD, I believe, and in my faith

I would find peace ; though shadows fall
And life seems sometimes gray and cold,
Thy love shines sweetly through it all.

Shines through it all ; — yet, Lord, forgive
That faith looks still through dusk of grief ;
Night still is night ; lo, I believe, —
But help thou, Lord, my unbelief.

E'en thro' the sweetness of my faith
That shimmers through the receding doubt
Give me a holier might of faith
That sees no doubting gloom without.

That faith may grow from strength to
strength ;

And he that hath to him be given ;
So shall this little faith of earth
Become the larger faith of heaven.

I72.

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

All space is holy, for all space

Is filled by thee ; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught ; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal and woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold !

Nor we alone : may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers !

Andrews Norton.

I73.

Rejoiceth as a Strong Man.

O FATHER, while I live, I pray
That I may work from day to day ;
Work with strong hand and willing mind
At little tasks that help mankind.

And Father, when I die, I pray
That, as I rise to greet the day,
I be not cursed with idle rest,
But with some heavenly work be blest.

John Haynes Holmes.

LITLINGTON TOWER. L.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



174. *"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."*

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems ;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands :
From duty's claim no life is free, —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day ;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task :
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best !
Full soon the night will bring its rest ;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

William Henry Burleigh.

175. *"See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."*

NOR always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here —
We cry, the heavenly presence near :
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies !

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision, — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick L. Hoerner.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



I76. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.
Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

Samuel Longfellow.

I77. *Living to God.*

O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give ;
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Jane Cotterill.

I78. *A Happy Life.*

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

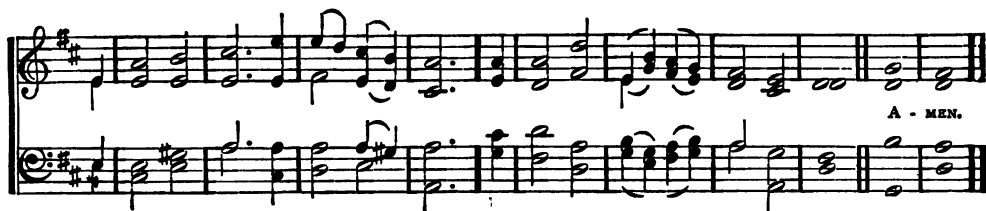
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

TRURO. L.M.

CHARLES BURNBY.



I79.

God our Strength.

AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

I80.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face, —
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine :
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move ;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying fight :
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, — be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

CHRISTMAS. C.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



181. *"Compassion about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

AWAKE, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge.

182. *"On the Lord's side."*

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?
He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host !

Samuel Longfellow.

183. *The Right must win.*

WORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
Is most invisible !

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

Frederick William Faber.

ARLINGTON. C.M.

T. A. ARNE.



184. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

O THOU who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —

While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford.

185. "Such as I have, give I to thee."

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

Richard Chenevix Trench. †

186.

LIE open, Soul! the beautiful,
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, Soul! the great and wise
About thy portals throng,
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, Soul! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;
The infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in!

O awful joy! O life divine!
O bliss too great, too full!
Earth, man, heaven, angels, all are thine,
And thou art God's, my Soul!

H. New.

BALERMA. C.M.*A Scotch Melody.***187.***One Law, one Life, one Love.*

O PROPHET souls of all the years,
 Bend o'er us from above ;
 Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
 Now to fulfilment move !

From tropic clime and zones of frost
 They come, of every name, —
 This, this our day of Pentecost,
 The Spirit's tongue of flame.

One Life together we confess,
 One all-indwelling Word,
 One holy Call to righteousness
 Within the silence heard :

One Law that guides the shining spheres
 As on through space they roll,
 And speaks in flaming characters
 On Sinais of the soul :

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
 An ever-flowing sea,
 That holds within its vast embrace
 Time and eternity.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

188.*The Day of God.*

Thy kingdom come, — on bended knee
 The passing ages pray ;
 And faithful souls have yearned to see
 On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong,
 And for the everlasting Right
 The silent stars are strong.

And lo ! already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear ;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near !

The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed ;
 When justice shall be throned in might,
 And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
 Shall walk the earth abroad, —
 The day of perfect righteousness,
 The promised day of God !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

CONISTON. (HOLY TRINITY.) C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



189. "Much more we shall be saved by his life."

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore
That life of duty here, —
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey !

Frederick L. Hooper.

190. "I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes."

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign !

Thy heaven is mine — my very soul !
Thy words are sweet and strong ;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still !"

They ever seem to say, — "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way !"

William C. Gannett.

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

**191.** *Teach us to number our Days.*

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou !

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die ;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest ;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till clothed in light forever,
We see thee face to face.
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

I92. "*And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.*"

Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.
Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray !
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away ?
O sweet anticipation !
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick. †

I93. "*Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers.*"

"O BEAUTIFUL, my Country !"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door !

For thee our fathers suffered ;
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

I94.

Indwelling.

THE heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might :
But nought save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright.
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy footprints we can see ;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth thee.

We know no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from thee ;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity :
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

Anon.

ST. PETER. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE

195. *'There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.'*

OUR Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see, —
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to Heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still;
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If, 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

196. *"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."*

O GOD! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which thou dost not fulfil.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

MEAR. C.M.

A. WILLIAMS. (?)

**197.***"The lowly are his delight."*

THY home is with the humble, Lord !
 The simple are thy rest :
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
 Thou makest there thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
 If thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
 I'll build a nest for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
 But thou, my heavenly Guest ?
 Let no one have it then but thee,
 And let it be thy nest.

Frederick W. Faber.

198.*"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Father's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

199.*"That ye might be partakers of the divine nature."*

OH, for an humble, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells therein :

A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

200.*"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."*

COME, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
 With gentleness divine ;
 Indwelling peace thou canst impart,
 Oh, make the blessing mine !

Above the scenes of storm and strife
 There spreads a region fair ;
 Give me to live that higher life,
 And breathe that purer air !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace !
 That victory make me win !
 Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
 And find a heaven within !

Anonymous.

ST. GEORGE'S. (WINDSOR.) 7. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



201.

LORD, beneath whose equal hand
Present, Past, and Future stand,
Hear us offer grateful praise
For thy gifts in bygone days ;
Gifts of gain and gifts of loss,
Boon of crown and boon of cross,
Blessings from our angels fled,
Living gifts from hands long dead.

Childen of the Present, we
Dare not face it without thee.
In this vivid, stern To-day
Nerve our work, and hear us pray.
Help us keep no peace with sin,
Calm us by thy peace within ;
Shield us from the day's fierce light,
Shine throughout the darksome night.

For our Future, best shall be
That which seemeth best to thee !
Take our starting hopes and fears,
Giver of our changing years !
We would make nor prayer nor moan ;
Thou art wise, and thou alone,
Father, in whose loving hand
Present, Past, and Future stand.

Harriet Ware Hall.

GENEVA. 8.5:8.3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER

**202.***"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." . .*

WHEN thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, oh, let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed, —
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

Theodore C. Williams.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM JONES.



203.

The City of God.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson.

204.

The Church Universal.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones ;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed ;
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

Samuel Longfellow.

ST. OLAVE. 6.6:6.6:6.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



205.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;

Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

Francis Turner Palgrave.

PAX DEI. 10.10:10.10.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



206.

"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

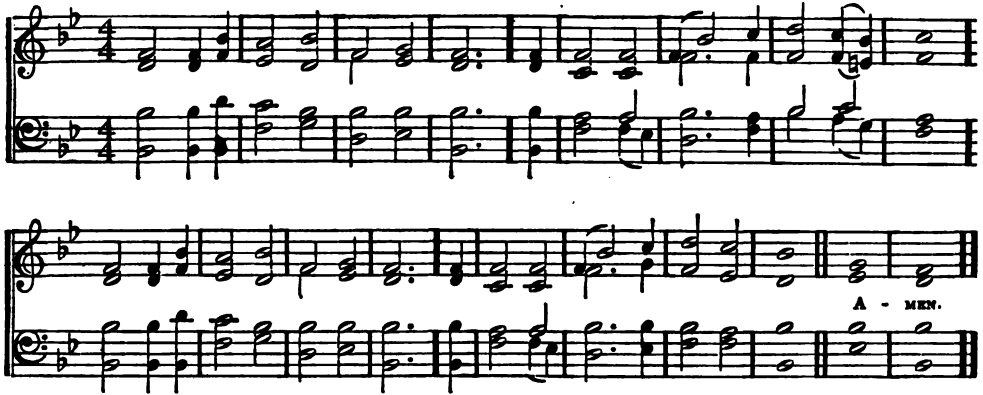
We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

WARD. L.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



207. *"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."*

WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head ;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the one marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth, —
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thine unmeasured loving heart.

J. G. Whittier. †

208.

O THOU in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are, —

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be :
Trust not in numbers ; God is God,
And one with him majority !

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame ;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born :
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then, the kings of earth at morn !

Frederick Lucian Hooper.

209. *Walking with Christ.*

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free :
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
Teach me thy patience ; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong ;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live !

Washington Gladden.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



210. *The Light, the Truth, the Way.*

O LOVE ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one :
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee,
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord ;
What may thy service be ? —
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

211. *All as God wills.*

ALL as God wills ! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

John G. Whittier.

BETHANY. 6.4.6.4:6.6.6.4.

Arranged by **LOWELL MASON.**



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212.

"Nearer to Thee."

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

Sarah Flower Adams.

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4:10.4:10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



213.

The Pillar of the Cloud.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
 Lead thou me on !
 Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 'The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
 years.
 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile !

John Henry Newman.

RESURRECTION. 8. 7. D.

S. A. Ward.



214.

Rejoice in the Lord.

My life flows on in endless song;
 Above earth's lamentation,
 I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn
 That hails a new creation;
 Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing;
 It finds an echo in my soul —
 How can I keep from singing?
 What though my joys and comforts die,
 The Lord my Helper liveth!
 What though the darkness gather round:
 Songs in the night He giveth!
 No storm can shake my inmost calm
 While to that refuge clinging;
 Since God is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing?
 I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin,
 I see the blue above it,
 And day by day this pathway smooths
 Since first I learned to love it.
 The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing;
 All things are mine, since I am His —
 How can I keep from singing?

Anon.

215.

God is thy Friend.

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 He loved me ere I knew Him!
 He drew me with the cords of love
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever!
 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 All power by Him is given,
 To guard me all my earthly way,
 And end that way in Heaven;
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver —
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever!
 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 So loving, true and tender,
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him who loves my soul so well,
 What power my soul can sever?
 Shall life—or death? or earth—or hell?
 No! I am His for ever.

Anon.

PARADISE. 8.6:8.6: 6.6.6.6.

Str JOSEPH BARNEY.

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand

A - MEN.

216.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
 Who doth not crave for rest,
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore ;

Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 I feel 't will not be long ;
 Patience ! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song.
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.



217.

God in the Soul.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control,
 But still thou art not there :
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth nor height,
 But in the conscious breast ;
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There doth his Spirit rest !
 Oh, come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest !

Josiah Conder.

AMERICA. 6.6.4:6.6.6.4.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY.



218.

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —

Of thee I sing :

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble, free, —

Thy name I love :

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —

To thee we sing :

Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

219.

Our Country.

God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might !

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;

On him we wait :

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

C. T. Brooks and J. S. Dwight.

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Services

- I. FIRST SERVICE (INTRODUCTORY)
- II. SECOND SERVICE (INTRODUCTORY)
- III. AN ORDER OF MORNING WORSHIP
- IV. AN ORDER OF EVENING WORSHIP
(CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE)

First Service

¶ Doxology

BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

¶ Minister

THE hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Let us pray.

¶ Minister and People

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Minister and People, responsively

THE first of all the commandments is: Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.

And the second is like unto it: namely this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

FIRST SERVICE

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this will all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this:

To visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God?

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

¶ Minister and People

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.
Amen.

The service may then be continued in the following order: —

Hymn.

Reading of Scripture.

Prayer.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Second Service

¶ Opening sentences: one or more to be read by the Minister

KNOW ye that the Lord, he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, into his courts with praise.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

¶ Then shall the Minister say:

THE heavenly Father in whose presence we now stand is always more ready to hear than we to pray; nor does anything hide him from us but the veil of our impure and earthly mind. And since the preparations of even the willing heart are not without him, let us inwardly pray for the grace of a humble and holy spirit, that for a little while we may be alone with him; and as Jesus of Nazareth went up into the mountain to pray, so we may rise above the haste and press of life and commune with him in spirit and in truth.

Let us pray.

¶ Then shall the following prayers be said:

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, in communion with thy faithful sons in all ages, with prophets, apostles and martyrs, we, who are still striving to do and bear thy blessed will on earth, adore thee, and offer thee our praises and supplications.

Hear our prayers, O Lord, and lead us in the way of thy truth.

We pray thee to reveal to us the beauty of thy perfect will, the gladness of thy service, the power of thy presence in our hearts, that no perplexity may create in us an impatient spirit, no temptation lead us into sin, no sorrow hide thy loving will from us.

Teach us all to feel the need of thy grace, and to seek it; to know thy will and to do it; and to remain faithful, wheresoever our lot is cast.

SECOND SERVICE

Calm the turbulence of our passions; quiet the throbbings of our hopes and fears; repress the waywardness of our wills, and control all our affections.

Strengthen us to bear all our trials patiently, and to glorify thee in our daily life.

We pray thee to bless and sustain the old, to give strength unto such as are bearing the heat and burden of the day, and to lead all children in ways of goodness. Have compassion on all those who are in sorrow or sickness; relieve the sufferer, comfort the afflicted, and show thy mercy to the weak and erring.

Take us, O Lord, entirely unto thy hands, and let nothing henceforward, either in life or death, come between us and thee. Amen.

O God, who art, and wast, and art to come, before whose face the generations rise and pass away: age after age the living seek thee, and find that of thy faithfulness there is no end. Our fathers in their pilgrimage walked by thy guidance, and rested on thy compassion: still to their children be thou the cloud by day, the fire by night. Where but in thee have we a covert from the storm, or shadow from the heat of life? In our manifold temptations, thou alone knowest and art ever nigh; in sorrow, thy pity revives the fainting soul; in our prosperity and ease, it is thy spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us lowly. O thou sole Source of peace and righteousness, take now the veil from every heart and join us in one communion with thy prophets and saints who have trusted in thee, and were not ashamed. *Amen.*

¶ The Lord's Prayer: to be said by the Minister and People

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

O Lord open thou our lips:

And our mouths shall show forth thy praise.

Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling and present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

Be glory and majesty, dominion and power, for ever and ever. Amen.

An Order of Morning Worship

NOTE. — *This Order may be used entire when no address is to be made, or may be used in part at the discretion of the leader.*

¶ Sentences: one or more to be read by the Minister

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world; and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
Oh, magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, neither shall evil dwell with thee.

Teach me thy way, O God, and lead me in a plain path.

¶ Then shall the Minister say

IN this glad hour of morning, when light is renewed out of darkness and the glory of God shineth upon the face of the deep, let us lift up our hearts in strength and joy to him who never changeth, yet maketh all things new; that in his strength we may gather strength, and in his light we may see light. And let us consecrate together the vigor of our being to his faithful service, and to glad fellowship of the spirit in the ways that make for righteousness and peace amongst the children of men.

¶ Then shall be said responsively one or both of the following selections

I

GIVE unto the Lord, O ye people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

AN ORDER OF MORNING WORSHIP

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can shew forth all his praise?

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

The entrance of thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple.

II

THE floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

AN ORDER OF MORNING WORSHIP

They shall be abundantly satisfied; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall give them cause for stumbling.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise thou stillest them.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea.

¶ A hymn may now be sung: after which may be read a passage of Scripture, or other reading

¶ Then may be said these prayers, or such portion of them as the Minister may desire, the People reciting the passages in italics and repeating

Amen at the end of each prayer

O Lord, open thou our lips,

And our mouths shall show forth thy praise.

All glory be to thee, O God, who createth the light, and commandeth it to shine on the face of the deep.

How much more glorious is that light which shineth in upon our minds from thy holy spirit and thine eternal word.

O Lord God, Father of mercies, the Fountain of comfort and blessing, who fillest heaven with thy glory, and earth with thy goodness: we offer thee most earnest and humble thanks for the gifts of nature and of grace,

AN ORDER OF MORNING WORSHIP

the support of every moment, and the comforts of every day. We beseech thee to fill our hearts with thy praise; that our thankfulness to thee may be great as are our needs, and that thy grace may so strengthen our purposes that our lives may be a thank-offering to thee, unto whom we ascribe all honor and glory. *Amen.*

O Lord our God, who turnest into morning the shadows of night, grant that we may be children of the light and of the day. Let the sun of thy righteousness shine in our hearts. Enlighten our reason, make clear our conscience, and purify our affections. We give ourselves to thee this day, beseeching thee so to rule and govern us by thy spirit that faithless distrust and all evil thoughts may be driven from our minds; that we may walk with joy in the light of thy countenance and in the way of thy salvation. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we beseech thee that, as the sun doth shine upon this fair world, so thy light may shine upon our spirits, upon our conscience, upon our love; that we may yield unto thee the fruits thou dost delight in, even the fruits of a quiet, peaceable, honorable life; and that we may have good hope of thine eternal presence. *Amen.*

O living and loving One, brighter than the morning and fairer than the day, from thee we come, to thee we turn, who art more than Father to us all. Our times are in thy hand. Thou, who hast set the sun and stars in the sky, hast appointed our place and part in this human world. May thy light lead and thy love win us into the harmonies of law and grace, that we may become responsive to every touch of nature, every whisper of truth, every appeal of humanity. So prepare us to serve our generation in the spirit of him who has taught us to do thy will on earth as it is done in heaven. *Amen.*

O thou who art the strength of all souls, give us grace to work while it is day, fulfilling diligently and patiently whatever duty thou appointest us, doing small things in the day of small things, and great labors if thou dost summon us to any; rising and working, sitting still and suffering, according to thy will. *Amen.*

O Lord, renew our spirits and draw our hearts upon thyself, that our work may not be to us a burden, but a delight; and give us such a mighty love as may sweeten all our obedience. Oh, let us not serve thee with

AN ORDER OF MORNING WORSHIP

the spirit of bondage as slaves, but with the cheerfulness and gladness of children, delighting ourselves in thee and rejoicing in thy work. *Amen.*

O God, who hast taught us how good it is to follow the holy desires which thou hast put into our hearts, and how grievous it is to lose the love of whatever beauty and goodness our minds have once beheld: give us grace, we beseech thee, at all times, to desire and seek the best gifts. Forgive, we pray, the imperfections of the best offering we can make to thee. Kindle thou our sacrifice by the heavenly fire of thine own goodness and love; and may we so truly find thee here in our prayer that we shall never lose thee, but dwell in thy holy presence henceforth, and even for evermore. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

¶ Benediction

May the peace of God which passeth all understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, be with us now and abide in our hearts for ever. *Amen.*

Candle Light Service

The Order of Evening Worship

¶ Sentences: one or more to be read by the Minister

THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands have formed the dry land.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea; and thy path in the great waters.

O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

¶ Then shall the Minister say

IN the holy quiet of this hour, let us draw nigh unto him who heareth prayer; and let us remember that he listeneth more to our hearts than to our words. Let each of us bring an offering of penitence if not of purity; of love if not of holiness; of teachableness if not of wisdom. . . . And let us beseech him to help us by his Holy Spirit, that the praise and supplications which we offer with one voice and one heart may be acceptable to him, and bring down an answer of peace to our souls.

¶ A Hymn may now be sung

¶ Then shall the Minister read a selected Psalm

¶ Then shall be said these Prayers, or such portion of them as the Minister may desire

Let us pray.

Give ear, O Lord, unto our prayer.

And hearken unto the voice of our supplication.

Graciously hear and accept, O Lord, the petitions of our hearts.

And grant us thy mercy, according to our great need, and thy exceeding fulness.

THE ORDER OF EVENING WORSHIP

¶ The Lord's Prayer, to be said by Minister and People

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Litany of Praise

¶ For this Litany may be substituted the two Prayers following it

GOD, our heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift: we lift up to thee the voice of thanksgiving; we praise thee for the life thou hast given us, and the service to which thou hast appointed us, for the knowledge of thy will, and the inspirations of thy love:

We praise thee, O our God.

For the work we have strength to do, for the truth we are permitted to learn; for whatever good there has been in our past lives, and for the hopes which lead us on to better things:

We thank thee, O God.

For the revealing of thy presence in nature, and the tokens of thy wisdom and power, in the least as in the greatest; for every moment of nearer communion with thy spirit in all that is fair and glorious in the universe:

We thank thee, O God.

For home and friends, for all the comfort and gladness of our lives; for encouragements to duty, for succor in temptation; for sympathy in sorrow, for the peace that is gained through strife, and the rest that comes after toil:

We thank thee, O God.

Make us more worthy of all thy mercies, and give us grace to know and do thy holy will.

So may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

THE ORDER OF EVENING WORSHIP

¶ The two Prayers following may be used in place of the Litany of Praise; the People here and at the end of every prayer saying *Amen*.

O GOD, the King Eternal, who dividest the day from the darkness, and turnest the shadow of death into the morning; drive far from us all wrong desires, incline our hearts to keep thy law, and guide our feet into the way of peace; that, having done thy will with cheerfulness while it was day, we may, when the night cometh, rejoice to give thee thanks. *Amen.*

O LORD God, Father of mercies, the Fountain of comfort and blessing, who fillest heaven with thy glory, and earth with thy goodness: we offer thee most earnest and humble thanks for the gifts of nature, and of grace, the support of every moment, and the comforts of every day. We beseech thee to fill our hearts with thy praise; that our thankfulness to thee may be great as our needs, and that thy grace may so strengthen our purposes that our lives may be a thank-offering to thee, unto whom we ascribe all honor and glory. *Amen.*

O GOD, the Father of lights, in whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, help us so to live in thy peace that even the night shall be light about us. O thou who dost neither slumber nor sleep, send out thy light and thy truth, till all men shall see thy glory, and the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of God. *Amen.*

GRANT, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may, through thy grace, be so grafted in our hearts that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living, to the honor and praise of thy name. *Amen.*

O GOD our Father, good beyond all that is good, in whom is calmness and peace; do thou bring us into a unity of love, which may bear some likeness to thy sublime nature. Grant that we may be spiritually one, as well in ourselves as in each other, through that peace of thine which maketh all things peaceful. *Amen.*

THE ORDER OF EVENING WORSHIP

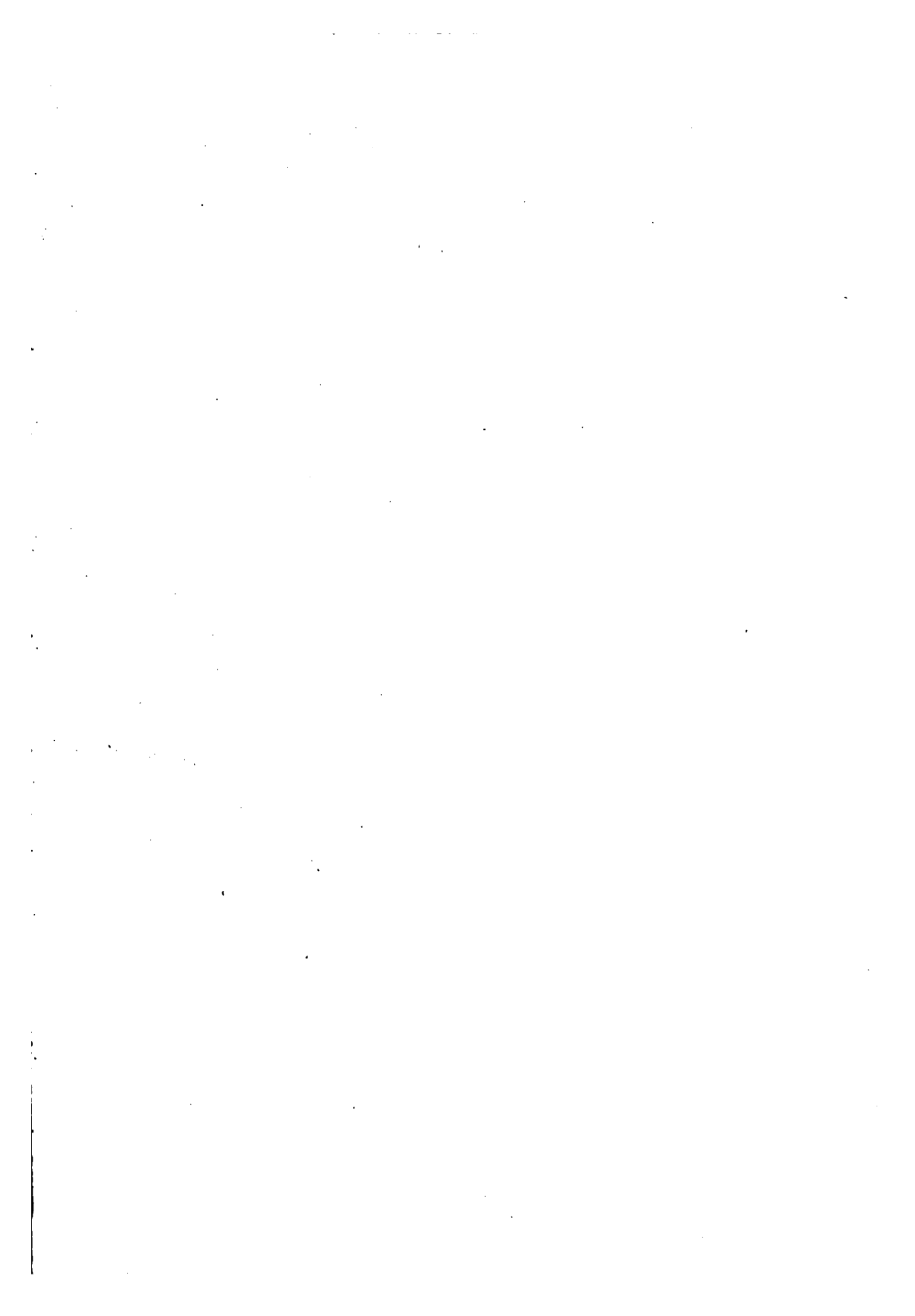
O GOD, who art the great deep of eternal peace, and the vast sea of love, and the fountain of all blessings, and ever sendest peace upon men of peace, open to us this day the sea of thy love, and water us with plenteous streams from the riches of thy grace. Make us children of quietness and heirs of peace. Enkindle in us the fire of thy love; sow in us thy fear; strengthen our weakness with thy power; bind us closely to thee and to each other in a holy bond of unity. *Amen.*

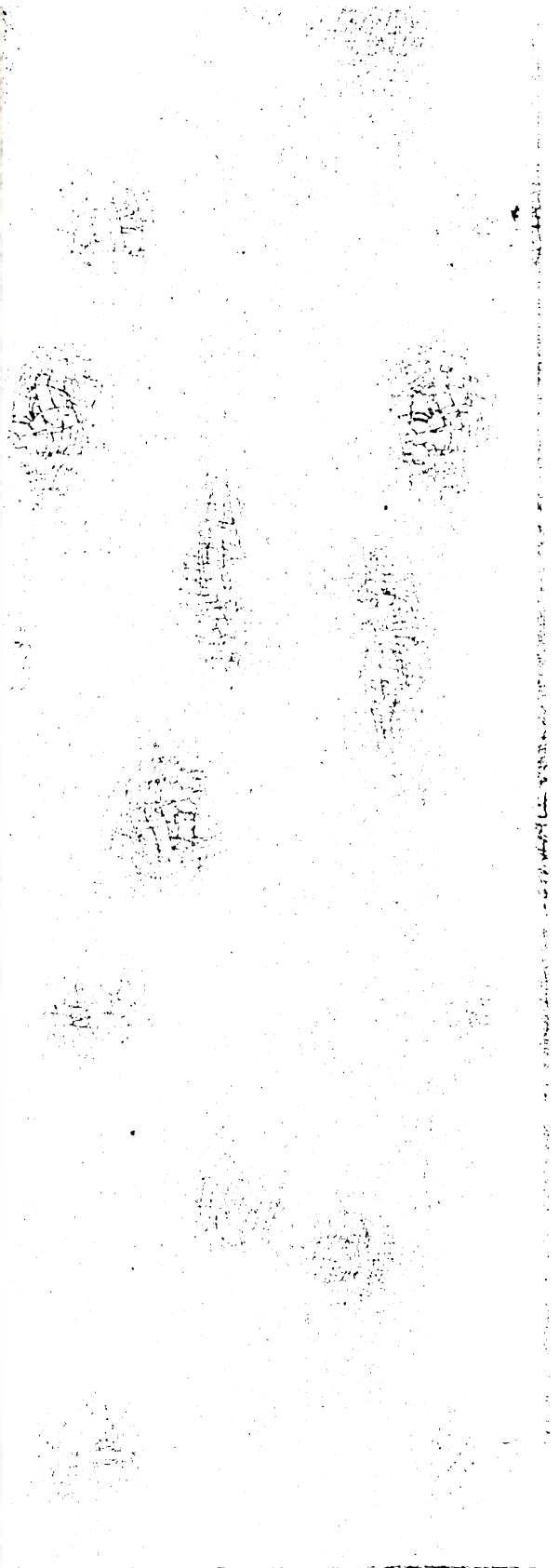
INFINITE Ruler of creation, whose spirit dwells in every world! we look not into the solemn heavens for thee, though thou art there; we search not in the ocean for thy presence, though it murmurs with thy voice; we wait not for the wings of the wind to bring thee nigh, though they are thy messengers; for thou art in our hearts, O God, and makest thine abode in the deep places of our thought and love; and into each gentle affection, each contrite sorrow, each higher aspiration we would retire to meet and worship thee. *Amen.*

O LORD God, the day is thine, the night also is thine. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Protect us through the hours of sleep, that our rest may refresh us in body and mind. Soothe our troubled thoughts, and breathe thy peace into our restless hearts. May thy Invisible Presence watch over us, and in the light of a new day may we arise to bless thee for thy sheltering care. *Amen.*

¶ Benediction

MAY the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, be with us now, and abide in our hearts for evermore. *Amen.*







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